

Amusements & Co. Night.

CASINO—8—“Prince Methusalem.”
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—“The Rajah.”

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“ALDERNEY BRAND.”
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NEW-YORK, TUESDAY, JULY 31.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—James Carey, the informer in the Phoenix Park murder cases, was shot dead on Sunday while riding in a motor car from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony; his murderer, a man named O'Donnell, was arrested. —Further details are given of the earthquake which several thousand lives were lost on Saturday evening on the island of Ischia, near Naples. —In the House of Commons last evening, the Conservatives were beaten on the Suez Canal motion, the Government having a majority of 99. —There were 777 deaths from cholera in Cairo, and twenty-one other places in Egypt on Sunday. —Several Socialists have been arrested in Geneva.

DOMESTIC.—F. Shaw & Co., tanners, and Charles W. Copeland & Co., boot and shoe dealers, of Boston, failed yesterday. —Ascender, Drake, Carter, Richard L. and Colonel Sprague won the Saratoga races. —The Queens County Hunt was held at New York. —The first tri-cyclist race held in this country took place in Boston. —Governor Cleveland pardoned Dennis Kennedy, who was convicted of robbery in Washington County. —Salar Knight, a Justice of the Peace in Crescent, N. Y., committed suicide. —Much damage was done in Pennsylvania by the storm on Saturday.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—A young man named Horace B. Shepard yesterday shot and killed a woman with whom he had been living as his wife, and then killed himself. —No motive for the suicide of the Spanish Minister was disclosed. —Nugent and Farrell pleaded guilty in Jersey City and were sentenced to ten years in prison. —The Western Union Company claim eight accessions from the strikers; the operators admitted three. —Monsignor Capel and Miss Georgia Cavan arrived from England. —Politicians consulted with the Mayor concerning the Controversial. —The Metropolitan beat the Baltimore Club at baseball by a score of 5 to 2. —A party of 270 children were sent off by THE TRIBUNE Fresh Air Fund. —Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 82.73 cents. —Stocks were irregularly active, and after good advances closed feverish at prices a little higher than Saturday's last figures.

THE WEATHER.—Tribune local observations indicate partly cloudy and fair weather, with higher temperature and chances of light rain early in the day. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 75°; lowest, 61°; average, 68°.

Tribune readers ordering the Daily sent to them at summer resorts are requested to make sure of the exact name of the Post Office to which the paper is to be sent. Much trouble arises every summer from a neglect of this precaution.

The Conservatives in England who have been hoping to be able in some way to give Mr. Gladstone's Government a stunning blow, in connection with the Suez Canal scheme, must feel bitterly disappointed at what occurred in Parliament yesterday. Sir Stafford Northcote's motion to ask the Queen not to recognize any monopoly on the Isthmus of Suez was rejected, and Mr. Norwood's motion declaring it undesirable at present for the Commons to take any action in the matter was adopted by a vote of 252 to 182, the Irish members not voting. This is a victory for the Government, whose nominal party majority in the Commons is not more than 80. The commercial interests of England are bitterly hostile to the arrangement which Mr. Gladstone has arranged a few days ago; but the Premier's shrewdness in promptly repudiating it before it was presented to Parliament has placated the merchants and traders; and foiled the Tories.

The Phoenix Park murders have cost James Carey his life, after all. In vain he tried to save it by betraying his companions in guilt. He sent them to the gallows; but now he has been shot down by an avenger just as he was nearing a far-away shore where he hoped to find an asylum. There are places in the world where Carey might have taken safe refuge, but they are not under English rule. Much as the Irish hate the British, they are to be found wherever the British flag floats, and even in Cape Colony the informer was certain to be found out. That this miserable man has been slain is probably in no way due to lack of protection from the English Government. They paid him well for his testimony, and the dispatches state that great expense has been incurred in trying to save him from his countrymen. But nothing could save him. His fate was determined the day that Joseph Brady was hanged in Dublin Jail. But the question may again be asked: Can any good case be helped by assassination?

The anxiety of the residents of Norfolk, Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, Newport News and Old Point Comfort will now be greatly relieved. A strict quarantine under national authority has been established between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, and vessels from infected ports will thus be kept at satisfactory distances from places on and near Chesapeake Bay. It is probable that the quarantine boundaries which hitherto have been observed around Newport News and Norfolk were really sufficient to prevent the landing of infection; but the people thereabouts evidently were uneasy. That was sufficient reason for stopping vessels at the Cape. Surgeon-General Hamilton has been able to bring about the desired change much more promptly than the local authorities could have done. From this point of view, at least, Secretary Folger's recent decision that the expiration of the statute giving the National Board of Health authority to make such regulations revived the authority of the Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service seems fortunate, indeed.

Justice has been made quick work in disposing of Nugent and Farrell, two of the scoundrels who assaulted and tried to rob Mr. Smith,

casher of the Orange National Bank, last Saturday, in Hoboken. They pleaded guilty yesterday of attempted robbery and were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment each. Emerson, the other prisoner, means to stand trial. The Judge regretted that he could not punish Nugent and Farrell more severely. The public regrets it also. Apparently one or two other indictments might have been found against these men if the authorities had wished. Then possibly their sentences would have been lengthened. A term of twenty years is about what they deserved. Their scheme was as impudent and daring as it is possible for any crime to be. It was not the result of sudden temptation, but of careful deliberation. The penalty for it, therefore, should have been measured by the intention rather than by the success of the attempt. Only in some such way as that can other criminals be made afraid to undertake similar performances.

The manner of keeping Sunday becomes every year more and more a subject of controversy. It has recently occupied the attention of the English Parliament, and although the advocates of a "reasonable Sunday" did not succeed in changing certain laws as they wished, they were encouraged by the liberal views expressed in the discussions. In this city the question comes up regularly once or twice a year, and public opinion has so far advanced that it is admitted to be foolish to put laws on the statute books which are not enforced. At present St. Louis is in a turmoil over the matter. The liquor-sellers are aggressive and declare that they will never obey the Browning law, which would shut up their shops on Sunday. They certainly did not obey it day before yesterday. The matter is to be carried to the courts. It is likely to be a sharp fight, but the respectable people in the community have a fair chance of coming out ahead if they will only be persistent enough. They do not want a Puritan Sunday; nor do they want free ruin and no Sunday at all.

THE MAN WITH THE LADDER.

A small billow of discussion is passing over the Democratic press concerning the proper place, or the best place, for holding the next National Convention. It seems early yet to agitate the question, as the Convention will not probably meet for almost, if not quite, a year. But the National Committee will meet within a few months to fix upon time and place, and it is not strange that the advocates of particular places for the Convention should begin to press their claims at this early day in order to gain for them the favorable consideration of the Committee. Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Baltimore, Saratoga and several other cities have been named, and their eligibility urged for a variety of reasons. THE TRIBUNE does not expect to be consulted in the matter, or to have its preference regarded, if it has any, and we consequently take no part in the discussion of the claims of the various localities. But we do have such a high regard for the Democratic party, and are so profoundly anxious that it should escape being imposed upon and made the victim of misplaced confidence, that even at the risk of being considered meddling we venture to make a single suggestion.

So far as most of the candidates are concerned, we apprehend that it will make very little difference where the Convention is held. It might be held in Indianapolis without being captured by Mr. McDonald or Mr. Hendricks, or in Cincinnati without being carried off by Judge Hooley, or in Chicago without danger of being kidnapped by John M. Palmer or Lyman Trumbull, or even in Tammany Hall in this city without being intimidated by John Kelly or purchased by Mr. Tilden. But there's another candidate—and he carries a ladder. He scales third-story windows in the dead hours of the night; he takes possession of convention halls; he is found in occupation at the hour of meeting, and the first thing the party knows he sails away with the nomination under his arm. In so quiet and law-abiding a State as Massachusetts and in the very heart of the Commonwealth we have seen him do just that within the past few years. He wanted the nomination for Governor, and he simply got a ladder and climbed into a third-story window of Mechanics' Hall in Worcester between the hours of three and four in the morning, and took it. He was not elected that year, but the next time he wanted the nomination the party handed it right over to him without a word. He is now the Governor of Massachusetts.

It is also generally believed that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. If he is, all we have to say is that the Democratic National Committee cannot be too careful where they hold the Convention, nor too careful about guarding the approaches to the hall for several days before the meeting. It would be but ordinary precaution to have iron shutters on the windows. Again we say the Committee cannot be too careful in this matter. This man means business when he goes for a nomination. He carries a ladder on his shoulder—he has been making friends in Massachusetts for the past six months by carrying it through the crowd and turning round suddenly every few minutes to see if anybody was laughing at him. It will not do to despise him because he has no friends and does not seem formidable. The great thing to be borne in mind constantly is that he carries a ladder. We may seem to our Democratic friends to be meddling with what does not concern us, but we have seen the good, nice, proper, respectable Massachusetts Democracy—including Frank Bird and Judge Abbot—captured once by this man with a ladder, and now that he seems to be moving with it toward a National Convention we cannot refrain from sounding the alarm.

Wherever the Convention is held, let it be fortified against the man with the ladder. It would give us great pain to see all the Southern Democrats who have been expressing themselves so freely of late on Presidential candidates walk into the front door of a convention that had already been captured by means of a ladder at the rear.

JEFF DAVIS SAYS SO TOO.
Mr. Jefferson Davis has added his high falsetto voice to the Democratic chorus. He too is convinced that the Republican party must go. The survivors of John Morgan's Confederate command held a reunion a few days ago at which the benediction of Mr. Davis's presence was earnestly desired. But he was not able to be present, and so responded to his invitation with a letter of regret. This letter was simply Mr. Davis's way of declaring that the Republican Party Must Go. "The name of your association," he wrote to John Morgan's men, "is eloquently commemorative of the daring deeds performed, the dire sufferings borne and the barbarous indignities inflicted on men who had bravely struggled in unequal combat to vindicate the rights their fathers left them."

All Democratic papers in good and regular standing will of course be requested by the

Democratic National Committee to reproduce this Davis "rendering" of the current Democratic campaign anthem. The Democratic press of Ohio in particular must not neglect to perform this service. Ohio distinctly remembers John Morgan's men, and just how they "struggled in unequal combat to vindicate the rights their fathers left them." The Republican party must go. Why, certainly, Mr. Davis! It was the Republican party that resolutely declined to help John Morgan's men accomplish this particular piece of vindication. Nay more, and worse. It was the Republican party that squarely and persistently denied that John Morgan's men were struggling for "rights" and that steadily upheld the hands of the Boys in Blue who handled John Morgan's men so roughly. In fact, they put John Morgan's men into the Ohio penitentiary. The simple statement of these facts constitutes, as Jefferson Davis thoroughly realizes, a scathing indictment of the Republican party. Impartial history will convict it of having hurt the feelings of John Morgan's men in several places. The Republican party must go.

The American people can well believe that at his age Jefferson Davis is averse to taking an active interest in current politics. But when John Morgan's men urged him to attend their commemorative jamboree the unwashed instinct of patriotism within his breast asserted itself, saying, "Now, Jefferson, here is a fine opportunity to lead the Republican party a staggerer." Democrats in various parts of the country for some time have been singing that the Republican party must go. Just you take up the strain, adding some characteristic variations of "your own." Mr. Davis obeyed his instincts with his accustomed ability and earnestness. The Republican party must go. Jefferson Davis says so.

THE DOOM OF ISCHIA.

The terrible disaster which has overwhelmed the island of Ischia is another proof of the close connection between volcanoes and earthquakes. Vesuvius is the main centre of volcanic action of a chain of mountains extending from the Gulf of Salerno beyond Naples to Mount Barbo and the islands Procida and Ischia. Its first recorded eruption, which occurred in the year 79, was preceded in 63 by the earthquake that buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Up to that period the most active volcano in the region was Epomeo in the centre of Ischia. As Vesuvius increased in violence Epomeo decreased, and since 1301 there have been no eruptions on the island. The eruptions of Vesuvius on the main land have been frequently accompanied by earthquakes in the adjacent volcanic islands with their dozen or more extinct craters. Casamicciola, the watering-place, which was destroyed on Saturday night, has twice before been shattered by earthquakes during the present century, and in each instance the phenomenon was closely associated with the action of Vesuvius. In 1828 the earthquake occurred on the very day of the eruption, and was preceded by subterranean explosions in Mount Epomeo. In 1881 the earthquake was on the third day after the volcano became active. On the mainland in the vicinity of Vesuvius earthquake shocks have been frequent since the destruction of Pompeii. Within the space of four years about 950 distinct shocks were recorded in the centre of this region. In 1783 the district of Calabria lying to the south of Vesuvius was the scene of a series of earthquakes by which 100,000 lives were lost, and in 1857 there was a terrible shock that was felt throughout the Kingdom of Naples. Similar evidence may be collected in reference to the west coast of South America and from Central America, confirming the theory that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are intimately connected as the effects of a common subterranean agency, inexplicable as that cause may be.

The great earthquake of Lisbon, one of the most destructive ever recorded, occurred at a long distance from any active crater and could not be associated as in Southern Italy, Peru and San Salvador with ordinary evidences of volcanic action. This exception to the general rule enabled Mallet, the most original investigator in this field of science, to lay great stress upon the proximity of the sea or other large body of water as an essential condition of earthquake disturbances as well as volcanic eruptions. One of his ingenious theories implied the irruption of igneous matter beneath the sea-bottom, and the generation and subsequent condensation of vast volumes of steam, by which an impulse would sometimes be given to volcanic centres or a direct motion communicated to the crust of the earth.

The island, of which Buchanan Read wrote "Here Ischia smiles, O'er liquid miles," not only lies over against Vesuvius, but far out in the Mediterranean, in a bed of volcanic rocks seamed with great fissures which have been caused by sudden dislocations of the earth's crust. Whether earthquakes are to be attributed to the condensation of steam under the pressure of sea-water, or to explosions caused by the generation of elastic gases through contact with an internal molten mass, or to actual pulsations in the fluid mass beneath the crust of the earth, Ischia answers the physical requirements of all the theories equally well. In view of Mallet's final generalization, which was the outcome of his dynamical studies of the effects of the great convulsion in Naples of 1857, it must also be assumed that the recent earthquake is not to be deplored except in the locality which has been devastated. The function of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions is now regarded by scientists as preservative as well as destructive, inasmuch as they accomplish in restricted areas results which would otherwise be extended with terrific effect to the whole earth.

Some comprehensive theory of ultimate compensation is needed when the world is brought face to face with such a heartrending catastrophe as that which has befallen Ischia. Ordinarily there are few points of human interest in calamities that are reported a long distance away. One morning a year or more ago newspaper readers read the brief announcement in the cable dispatches that 4,000 lives had been lost by an earthquake in the island of Seio. The fact excited no more emotion than the footings of a table of mortality statistics. It was only a vague generalization and it could not leave any permanent impression upon the public mind. Ischia is not many leagues this side of Seio, but it is easier to bring the suffering that has been caused in that single awful instant close to the sympathies and emotions. Casamicciola, like many a watering place and summer resort on the American coast, was thronged with invalids, pleasure-seekers and fashionable idlers. It was a favorite resort for fashionable people. The baths have been in high repute since the days of the Caesars, and the island is the summer home of many wealthy Italian families. It was Saturday night, when the village was filled with a careless, excited throng and piazzas were ringing with song and merriment. Suddenly there was a thrill of horror, an awful moment of suspense, and Casamicciola's gay, pleasure-hunting world was wrenched out of life. Such a recital creates a sense of insecurity for the whole world. Men have learned to expect catastrophes like this, but each new one that occurs is followed by a dull feeling of helplessness.

STRANGE SUICIDES.

Usually it is the failures in life who resolve to end it. Men cannot find work, and cannot wait to starve. Stocks fall, and sweep away the fortune and the home. Men or women betray, and life loses all that made it worth having. The pistol, the river, the gulp of poison are short roads out of a world which has been found to be beyond the strength of these unfortunates. But there have been several suicides, recently, among the classes that are supposed to enjoy every means of happiness, and where there has been any explanation of the event it has been usually a snip-snap—hardly anything more—that the mind had been unsettled by the strain of anxiety or overwork. In some of these the explanation has seemed inadequate.

The case of Señor Barca, the Spanish Minister, is the most recent. Here was a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, occupying a distinguished position in the diplomatic service of his country, in the prime of life, with bright prospects before him, and happily married, who suddenly kills himself. He gave no hint of his purpose to any one, but the number of letters he wrote in anticipation of the deed showed that it was most deliberate. One of them, with Spanish courtesy, apologized to the proprietor for killing himself in the hotel. In another he communicated his reason for the act. Not knowing what this was, the guessing of friends indicated two reasons—one, his grief because his wife and daughter were leaving the country, not to return with him; the other, financial embarrassments caused by extravagant living and losses in speculation. The latter might have been sufficient to break down a sensitive, honorable and impulsive man. Señor Barca, we judge, did not belong to that class of diplomatists—a small one, no doubt—who have used the privileges of their positions to cheat Washington traders out of their dues. Still there was no sign of insanity, unless the act itself is to be accepted as proof of it.

The cases of the three young men who have shot themselves in this city within the past month were of the same general character. Frederick Matthews was a junior member of a manufacturing firm, was independent, had just inherited considerable property, was on the eve of what promised to be a happy marriage, had made arrangements to buy the house which was to be his home, and was looking forward to the pleasant task of furnishing it. Every element that helps to make happiness seemed to be present in his life. At night he was pleasant and cheerful, with no sign upon him of trouble, care or mental disorder; in the morning he was found dead. The only attempted solution of the mystery was that a strain of insanity which before appeared in his family had suddenly developed itself in him. Dr. Patchen had just been graduated from a medical college with the highest honors, and was expecting a desirable hospital appointment. He was in the first freshness of active life—only twenty-two years of age. It is said that he had expectations of wealth, and his professional prospects were all that could be desired. He had been suffering from headache for several weeks as a result of overstudy, and it is surmised that his mind had temporarily given way. The case of William Seaman, the young inventor who shot his sister, of whom he was very fond, and then himself, was the only one of those mentioned where there was evidence of well-developed insanity. Here the rule that in mania with a homicidal tendency the first impulse is to attack a near relative held good. Seaman had just patented a successful invention, which alone seemed him an independence for life. His prospects were as bright as they could have desired. He too was happily betrothed. Overwork and undue excitement had worn upon him too long.

If these cases present any lesson which is common to them all, it is the necessity and duty of avoiding excessive strain of work or anxiety. The one can be prevented, the other controlled. It is possible to drive too near the edge of the precipice. The strength, both of the body and of the mind, has its limits. The man who pushes either too far may suddenly find himself in the abyss. The strain of our intense modern life is great enough at the best, and it is worth every man's while to remember that probably every intellect has in it the seeds of ruin, which may or may not develop.

Perhaps these strange suicides help to teach also the old and trite lesson which is being conveyed just now by many an accident, railroad collision, drowning, etc.—that human life is cheap, and is often least safe when it seems most so. Wealth, social position, troops of friends—these are often no protection. Take the case of Miss Cramp. Her father gave a reception on board of one of his newly completed ships. There was music, dancing, laughter and universal gaiety. A violent death would be the last thing, apparently, to suggest itself to the mind of any one. Miss Cramp made a mistake of the gang-plank, and was drowned, almost in the midst of this brilliant company, her body not being found for two days. Take the other case of the party of a half-dozen happy girls out for a ride at Mount Desert. The sudden breaking of a king-bolt hurled them down into a rocky gully. Almost all were seriously injured, and one of them expired in a few minutes. A poor factory-girl, caught in a wheel, could hardly die a more distressing death.

Mr. Hendricks will not take any vacation this month. He will devote all his time to injecting the elixir of life into the veins of the boom for the old ticket. When last heard from, the boom was in a comatose state and growing weaker every hour.

The World opportunely remarked yesterday morning that "up to the present date Governor Foster, of Ohio, has not favored the public with the name of the anonymous gentleman who told him that Hooley had said his nomination cost him \$50,000," and added that "if Governor Foster can stand the position in which he finds himself, we are very sure Judge Hooley can stand it." Some days ago THE World made this timely remark, that "anonymous gentleman" had written a letter to Governor Foster, signing himself J. H. Woodward, and detailing the conversation he had with Judge Hooley on the cost of his nomination. Mr. Woodward says, with an air of regret at being forced to say anything that Judge Hooley remarked of Mr. McLean's opposition: "My only ground of complaint which I have a right to use is that McLean made no nomination cost me too much money. I have the satisfaction of knowing that he wasted his own money." The correspondent who says his interest in the matter grew out of the feeling that the Judge was being "robbed," remarked, "I have heard that it cost you \$50,000." What was the response of virtue indignant at the suggestion of wholesale bribery? "Well, that is too much for anyone to spend for the office, to say nothing of the nomination." Mr. Woodward further says: "When I stated the reported amount he did not say it was not correct, leaving the impression on my mind that it was the sum." As Mr. Woodward avows himself a Democrat, and as he is, if we are not mistaken, a correspondent of THE Cincinnati Enquirer, the principal Democratic newspaper of

Ohio, we respectfully suggest that if Judge Hooley "can stand the position in which he finds himself," we are sure that Governor Foster can stand it.

That mythical person, the oldest inhabitant, would, if appealed to, doubtless assert with some emphasis that the month of July just ending has been phenomenally cool. Why it should be so he would find it hard to tell. Has the sun given out less heat than usual, or have his rays been tempered or intercepted by unexpected agencies? This happens to be a year of great solar activity, as indicated by the size and number of spots on the sun's surface. According to one theory, increased activity means greater heat with torrid summers and a copious rainfall. On the other hand it is claimed that the spots diminish the heat received from the sun, and thus reduce the temperature of the past month, in this country at least, would seem to favor the latter hypothesis, while the frequent and heavy showers which have made the country so unusually green and beautiful at this season of the year, when vegetation is generally scorched and brown, support the first-named theory. Won't some of the meteorologists and astronomers rise and explain, and chase away our perplexities?

If Mr. Charles E. Courtney, professional ornamental painter, would talk slower and row faster it would be well for his reputation. His latest achievement is not the winning of six races but a declaration of his willingness to row any six men that Hanlan may name. A good many people who take an intelligent interest in boating regard Courtney as a fraud. It is to be hoped they are mistaken. The best way for him to prove they are to keep his mouth shut and pull.

Some people have an awfully wicked way of saying things: a kind of insinuating suggestiveness that underneath a most commonplace remark conceals several torpedoes of the most explosive character. Here is Mr. Henry Waterson, for instance, saying in THE Louisville Courier-Journal that "the newspapers of the country are doing Mr. Hendricks almost as much injustice by the wrong assumption that he is hostile to Mr. McDonald as they are doing Mr. Tilden by the foolish assumption that he could be induced to accept the Presidency." That is only a way the blond Kentuckian has of saying to those who know the relations between Hendricks and McDonald that Tilden is a candidate; while, to those who know Tilden, he conveys the information that Hendricks and McDonald are at sword's point. "Almost as much injustice" is good. "Your wanton assumption that I drink chablis with my oysters is as unjust as the foolish assumption that I take sherry with my soup."

Governor Cleveland is reported as believing that "the days for making a slate for a State Convention to ratify are passed." The Governor very likely began to entertain this belief when he found that he could neither coax nor sold Tammany Senators into confirming his nominations.

There is nothing more amusing even in Democratic politics than the manner in which the Indiana Democrats assume, immediately there is any talk of Presidential candidates, that they are to have either first or second place on the ticket, and thereupon proceed to wrangle with the question which it shall be and who shall have it. In 1872 it was only a question whether they should take the first or second place for Hendricks; in 1880, failing to take the first place for Hendricks, they took the second for English; and now they seem to think that it is left for them to say whether they will have "Joe" McDonald for President or the old ticket with Hendricks as Vice-President. They are bound to have something every time. And as if having had a candidate on the ticket in 1876 and 1880 and prospectively in 1884 were not enough, it is said that Senator Voorhees is a candidate for President in 1888. They say "he is barely in the prime of life and can afford to wait." "Afford to wait!" Oh, can he? Well, let us be thankful for that.

The suggestion that men might, could or would wear corsets has always been regarded as libellous by the sex at large. Yet one of the London weeklies displays in its advertisement columns a half-length picture of a slim and elegant young man wearing a corset, his outer garments being removed in order to display its contour. The young man has a most delicate and graceful mien, and his gently curling hair ripples off a classic brow. Accompanying this affecting picture is the following: "—et Cie have now added a separate Department for Gentlemen, and every class of Corset, Riding, Surgical, Spinal, and for Corsetry, made to measure, from Two-and-a-half Guineas. The Ladies' Department is still carried on as before, and special attention is given to the Dressmaking Department. Corsets (Patented) made for all figures—also for Euphotism, Deformities, Curvature and Spinal Complaints." The young man in the picture is not suffering from Corsetry, or any Spinal Complaint. He is a Beautiful Being. We suspect that corsets are worn by young men who cannot present a doctor's certificate as an excuse.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. Reuben J. Jellery, of Denver, Col., is visiting his former parishioners in Brooklyn.

Representative Calkins, of Indiana, is spending some weeks in California, travelling for pleasure.

Ebriedge T. Gerry is taking a vacation in his yacht along the Jersey coast.

Ogden Goellet left Wythe recently and is now cruising in his yacht, the Norseman, off the coast of Scotland.

Mr. Augustus G. Heaton, of the Paris "Pen and Pencil Club," is in this country, travelling and painting portraits. He will not return to France before October.

The Rev. Dr. A. P. Putnam, of Brooklyn, having returned from Europe with health fully restored, is spending the remainder of the summer at Concord, Mass. He will resume his work in Brooklyn on the third Sunday in September.

Mr. John W. Bookwalter arrived at home in Springfield, Ohio, last week, after his fourteen months' tour and the world. He brought back not only his fine cabinet of curiosities collected, but also a present for each of the 150 workmen in his shops.

"I knew the Blair family well," says an old Post-Office Department attaché quoted in THE Washington Star, "and used to go fishing with Frank and Jim. They were bad boys, as boys are, but Montgomery was always good. The neighbors sometimes used to go to old Mr. Blair and complain about something that Frank or Jim had done. The old gentleman would say rather testily, 'Go to Mr. Blair. They are his children, not mine!'"

A chambermaid at the Asquith House, Holborn, N. H., made bold to ask John G. Whittier, who is staying there, for his autograph. He complied with the request, signing his name after the following inopportune lines:

"The truth the English poet says—
Two centuries back was true—
'Whoever is the maker of the law,
Makes room and action free.'
And in the quiet ministry
To wait and needs of ours, I see
How grave and toilsome well we agree."

"Ex-Mayor Green," says THE Boston Gazette, "has at last been driven from his modest place of abode in Kneeland-st., where he has lived continuously for nearly a quarter of a century. The estate has lately been sold, and extensive improvements on the house are contemplated. The Doctor will seek an abiding-place elsewhere, but no doubt that plebeian neighborhood will still claim him for its own. The late Hon. ANSON Burlingame once proudly claimed that he bowed no greater boon than to lay his head on the breast of the old North End. Dr. Green is probably as blissfully content with the downy pillow of the South Cove."

Alfred Monnet is dead. He was a Parisian by birth and residence. He was by occupation a horse-dealer's assistant. He was known for many years as "the bucket-man." But his title to fame was really rests upon the fact that he was the champion glutton of the French capital. On one occasion he devoured at a single sitting a whole turkey, a leg of mutton, a pound of cheese, several pounds of bread and a bucketful of wine. In 1876 he had an eating match with one Dietrich, who was only able to eat eight pounds of mutton, eight pounds of

beef and several pounds of bread, and a few more badly beaten. Dr. Lachet, once stated in the Academy of Medicine that with the exception of a few names, such as Lachet, who regularly ate fifteen pounds of beef, and Mieschel, was the greatest eater that ever lived.

"Edison used to work the other end of a circuit with me," says a telegraph operator interviewed in THE Frederick Herald, "and I knew him when he was in Memphis some thirteen or fourteen years ago. He always looked raty and never spent his money on clothes, but the reason was that he was always tinkering with some new contrivance or other, and spent his money in paying for material to work out his inventions. He used to take press in Memphis. He was as fast as they make 'em and his copy never gave a telegraph editor a bit of trouble. He had a way while waiting for copy of drawing caricatures, illustrating the characters of news he was getting, and putting them along in the space of the copy he sent into the press. This made one of the papers up there, I forget which, red hot, and it opened on him and had a good deal to do with his being fired by the manager. Edison didn't want the fool editor to print his funny pictures in his telegraphic news. He only drew them for his own amusement. When he went to Boston with his yellow linen breeches on in the middle of winter, the manager of the paper was so angry at his expense that he hired him to keep the repeaters in order. Edison worked at the instruments a part of two days, and then was caught by the manager of the office looking with some new contrivance of his own. 'Thought I hired you to keep those repeaters in order,' said the manager. 'You did,' said Edison, 'but I've got a kink or two into them that will make them repeaters themselves in order.' From that day his fortune was made."

GENERAL NEWS.

A Jew who was recently summoned to sit on a coroner's jury in London excused himself on the ground that, being a descendant of the high priest, he was exempt from seeing a dead body. The coroner ruled that the Levitical law was not binding in his court and fined the Jew 40 shillings.

From 250 to 300 cats are destroyed weekly during the warm season in Philadelphia by the agent of the Woman's Branch of the City Relief for Lost and Suffering Animals. They are not drowned, but are cooked with charcoal gas. Last year no fewer than 7,151 unhappy cats were thus put beyond reach of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Competent judges, taking department reports to the Government as a basis, estimate the value of domestic animals annually destroyed by wolves in European Russia at 15,000,000 rubles, or about \$12,000,000. To this great sum must be added the value of the wild animals which the wolves kill, the remainder in Siberia alone representing a high figure. The annual loss of human life is nearly accurately known, but in 1873 the police reported 161 persons killed by wolves.

Devout Mahometans in Calcutta are agitated by a report that Mahomet recently appeared to the guardian of his tomb at Mecca and announced that at the completion of four centuries since the Hegira, in the year 1922, the sun would be seen to rise in the west, and would break out all over the world, a cyclone would deluge the earth, the printing in every Koran would be effaced and the final end of all things would be ushered in.

Mr. Durand, once an illustrious functionary in the service of the Khedive Mehmet Ali and famous in two arts, baking and painting, has brought a suit to recover 15,000 francs from Isidore Pacha. Mr. Durand was imported from Paris to Cairo as a master in the sublime art of making cakes, but while in the Khedive's service he discovered that he was by nature an artist, and in the course of time he produced a portrait of the Egyptian potentate which was so good that the Khedive, in his own person, ordered him to reproduce his features as he had been formerly painted by the French painter. Mr. Durand returned with his picture to Paris, where he afterward found a purchaser in the person of Isidore Pacha who had been ordered to reproduce a portrait of the monarch's mother, but the picture was a poor work of art. Put the artist, never having seen the color of the monarch's mother, has never been able to paint the color of the monarch's mother, and he has a recollection of the alleged facts.

POLITICAL NEWS.

"We expect to fight for this State in 1884," is the somewhat startling announcement made in THE Intelligencer of Wheeling, West Virginia. The "we" refers to the Republican party. To this end THE Intelligencer there must be unity and a thorough understanding of the party's plans. It then suggests the holding of a family talk, a conference, an experience meeting, a mass convention, a council of war, where the representatives must meet and discuss the course of action to be taken. Evidently the Republicans in West Virginia mean to have been trying to raise discontent among the Prohibitionists with the Scott liquor law by alleging that it would not reduce the number of saloons in the State. The falsity of this statement is shown by THE Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, which has been collecting statistics on the subject. In nineteen out of the eighty-eight counties in the State 80 saloons were closed, and in the rest of the State one-fourth of the number there were in these counties before the law went into effect. This is a result the beneficiaries of which cannot be denied. The same paper adds: "The law is as good as a dead letter, or, as it is called, a crowbar, but it seems to have a positive influence in reducing the number of places where the demand for liquor is supplied."

It Judge Hooley is going to deny the charges made of corruption in the canvass for the Democratic nomination in Ohio, he will find his hands pretty full. Among the worst stories told of the shameful transactions in the convention is the revelation of Mr. Kahlo, of Toledo. His statement of the way in which he was bribed to vote for Hooley is so full of details that it is probable that he will not be able to deny it. The charges were distinct, and the price demanded and offered was named. Mr. Kahlo is a responsible man. The Democrats have selected him as the general agent for the State, and he has done so well that he has not been able to run. If such charges are allowed to pass unnoticed Judge Hooley cannot expect to remain unscathed.

Senator Voorhees has been a source of infinite trouble to his party in past years. He seems determined to keep up his reputation in this respect, for he is peddling views about the "old ticket" promiscuously around the country which have to be denied by the persons concerned as soon as printed. His statement in Ohio that he would not vote for Hooley was a lie, and the Presidential race was at once pronounced inaccurate by the latter. Mr. Voorhees's latest disavowal concerns Mr. English,